INTRODUCED WITH GREAT SUCCESS BY MISS BESSIE WYNN

HE WANTS SOMEONE TO CALL HIM PAPA

(SHE WANTS SOMEONE TO CALL HER MA)

WORDS BY
L. WOLFE GILBERT
MUSIC BY
LEWIS F. MUIR

BESSIE WYNN

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122 WEST 36TH ST
NEW YORK

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(She Wants Someone To Call Her Ma.)

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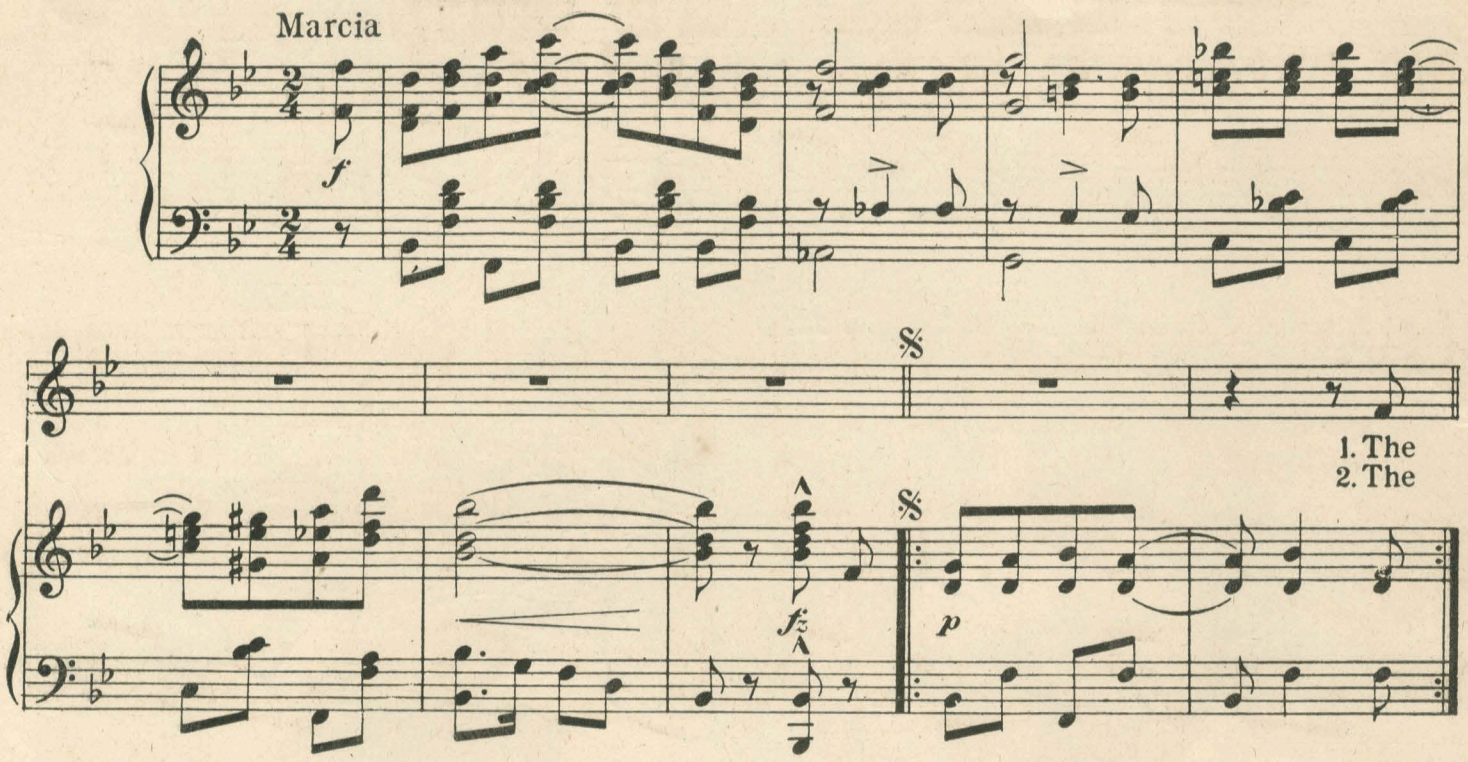
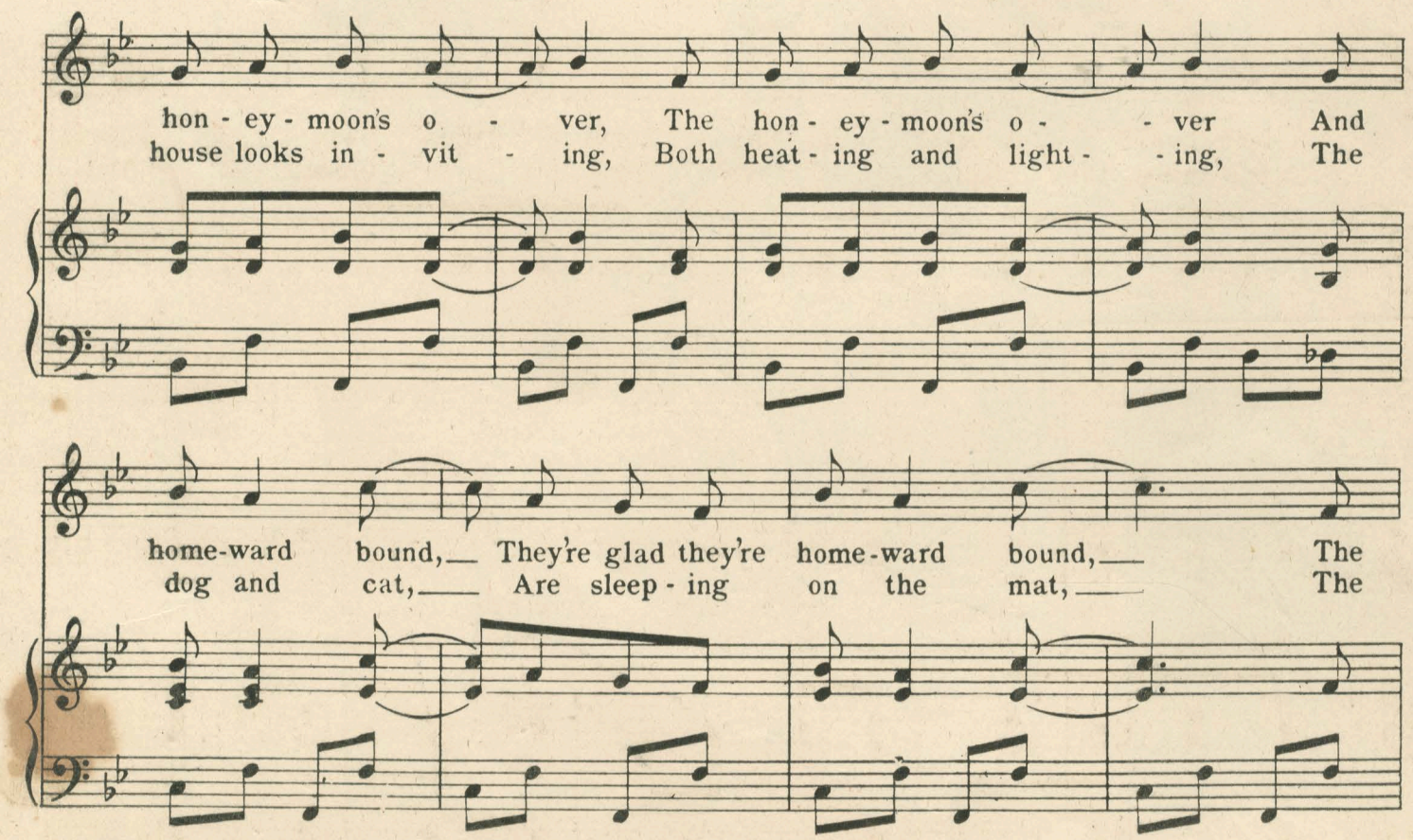
hon - ey - moon's o - ver, The hon - ey - moon's o - - ver And
house looks in - vit - ing, Both heat - ing and light - - ing, The
home-ward bound,__ They're glad they're home-ward bound,__ The
dog and cat,__ Are sleep - ing on the mat,__ The

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neigh-bors they greet them, They all came to meet them, For
par - lor looks co - - zy, Why ev-'ry things ro - - sy, But

miles a - round, For ma ny miles a - round, At
still at that A drear - y flat, There's

last they're a - lone, in their home all their own, There's
one thing they miss, to make home joy and bliss, And

on ly one thing more they crave.
that one lit-tle thing is just this.

CHORUS

He wants some one to call him Pa - - - pa,

p-f

She wants some one to call her Ma, It takes a

child to lead them, And show them ev - 'ry joy, Its

fz

one lit - tle girl - ie or one lit - tle boy And what is

love, ____ with - out that bright - - ness, What is

love, ____ with - out that girl - ie or boy; ____

He wants some - one ____ to call him Pa - - - pa,

p-f

She wants some - one ____ to call her Ma. ____

1. 2.

fz

"Mammy Jinny's Jubilee"

Words by L. WOLFE GILBERT

Music by LEWIS F. MUIR

CHORUS

Come on and shake your feet, oh hon-ey, shake your feet,

This is Mam-my Jin-ny's Day, Just see that

sweet birth day cake, It took ten peo-ple to bake

Hon-ey, count the can-dles, there's just eigh-ty-two How'd you like to have one, some

ETC.

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"Little Rag Baby Doll"

Words by L. WOLFE GILBERT

Music by LEWIS F. MUIR

CHORUS *Slower*

Lit-tle rag ba-by, lit-tle rag ba-by,

Tod-dle a-long, just learn to tod-dle a-long, Out of the cra-dle,

thro' with the cra-dle; Wad-dle a-long, oh ba-by wad-dle a-long,

Made of old saw-dust, made of old rags Dress-es and tress-es

ETC.

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Take Me To That Swanee Shore.

Words by L. WOLFE GILBERT

Music by LEWIS F. MUIR

CHORUS.

Oh won't you take me to that Swa-nee shore,

so I can see old Mam-my dance once more, Old Black Joe,

Han-nah Snow, There's Dad-dy and Mam-my, there's Eph-ram and Sam-my

Ev-'ry one there to have a ju-bi-lee. The boys just ar-rived up on the

ETC.

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"At The Yiddish Cabaret"

Words by WOLFE GILBERT

Music by LEWIS F. MUIR

CHORUS

Ev-'ry bod-y's at the Yid-dish Ca-ba-ret

If the place was o-pen they'd be there all day

Beck-le Klein and Ja-cob Stein Snaps his fin-gers then he lin-gers

Giv-ing tips to all the sin-gers. Just you hear him eat-ing soup to

ETC.

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